



one died and along with it the special thing he had going with his buddy who had brought him on the trip to Aspen in the first place. Mike wanted cocks . . . cocks in his ass . . . cocks in his throat. His dream world became one filled with the cum bubbling from the cocks of hot young studs.

For a while his friend only watched him with amusement in his eyes. Soon the amusement turned to worry. Mike started taking wild chances, coming on to any guy who happened to appeal to him. His friends began to fear for their jobs.

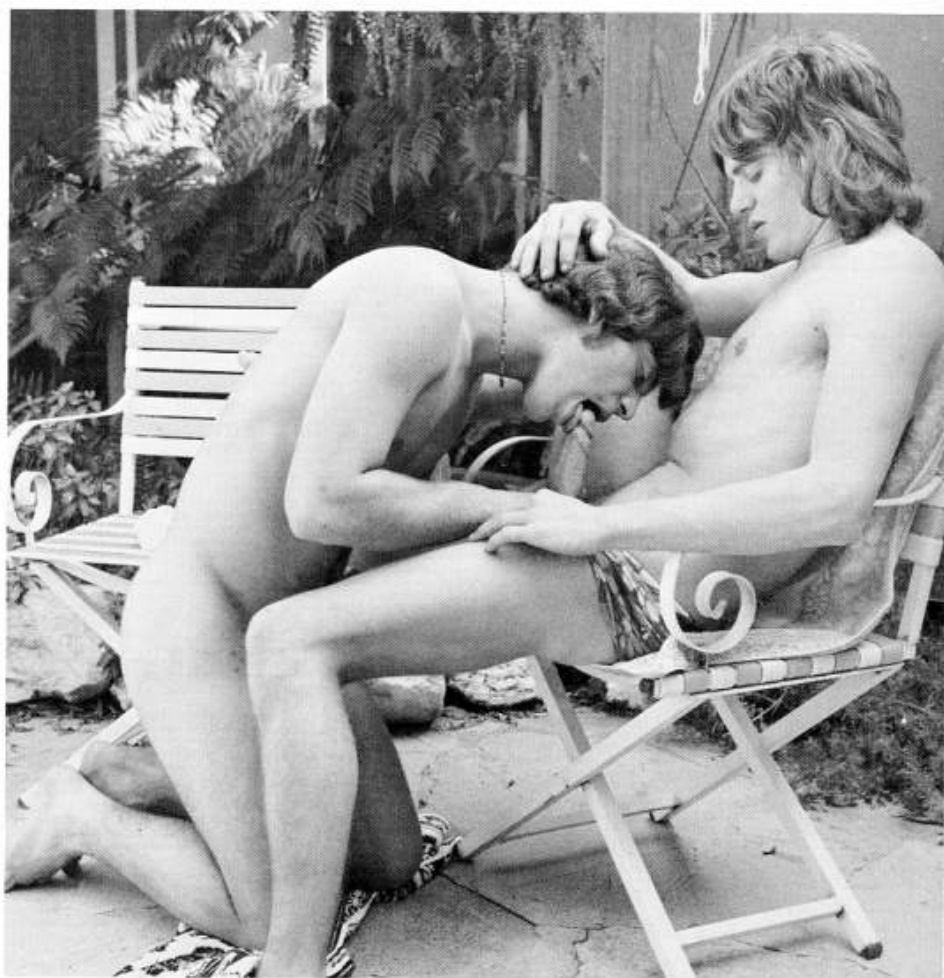
Even the whole attitude in the sex between them changed. While





before it was warm and soft and real, it now got more forced and wilder. Mike would scream as the huge cock was rammed deep in his ass. His friend did have to admit that he loved all that kind of wild thrashing and yelling but he also knew that they would soon be found out.

More and more people began to enter their wild sex scenes. Mike just couldn't get enough cock. He had to have every one that he saw. He hung around the men's rooms, the dressing rooms, even around



the dark roads where couples went to make out, hoping to find a hot, turned-on guy whose chick had put him off, that he could suck.

His friend was right. It couldn't go on for long. It didn't. They were called in and asked to leave the lodge. Mike did. He went back to pack his few things even before the man had a chance to talk to his friend.

The road was cold and banked with snow. Mike stood shivering on the edge of the drifts of whiteness. Cars roared by, mostly ignor-



ing him. Finally, one did pull up to a stop. It was a young stud. Mike couldn't help it. He hadn't gone more than a few miles when he started asking the guy about his sex life. It was only a matter of a few seconds before he was on his knees in the front seat with the guy's stiff cock rammed deep in his sucking throat. They stopped

at a house in the city. The guy had a few friends. Mike looked forward to a few weeks of cocks . . . cocks in, on and all around him. He found fists. They knew all about his escapades at the lodge. Oh, he did get a few cocks out of it but they only delivered a fine stream of piss all over his body.

When he woke up the alley he

had been tossed in was cold. Mike shivered against the harsh wind. He pulled himself back together and painfully got to his feet. He checked his shoe. The money was still there. Those flying fists hadn't found it.

A few days followed, spent in a cheap boarding house. At least the bed was clean and the food, if not





the best, was filling. He stayed only one week. That was enough time to recover from the blows of the flying fists. He never left the room except to eat. His desire for hot cock was almost more than he could stand but he managed to







control it.

He did have a little help. One of the other guys in the boarding house . . . a handsome, very butch stud who was waiting for the logging season . . . would go into the bathroom and jack-off every night. Unknown to him, Mike could watch from his small room, next to the bathroom. He'd seen a small hole in the wall and took full advantage of it. He worked out load after load of cum from his own churning nuts, right along with the husky lumberjack, who was never even aware of what was happening.



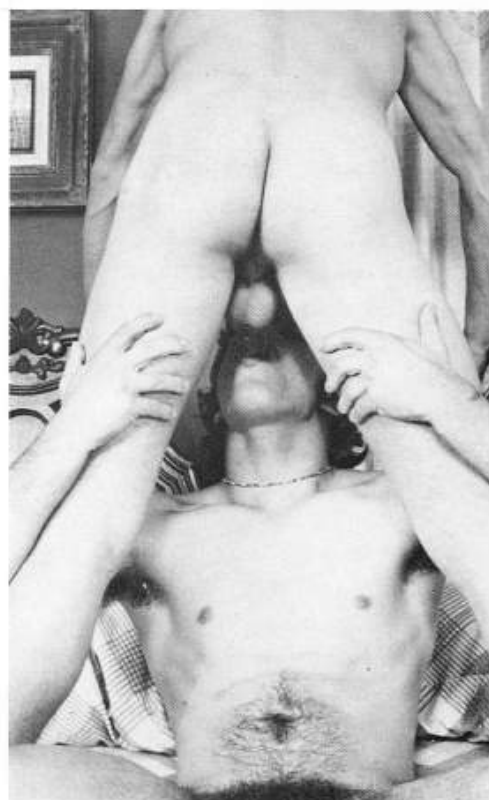




he'd be heading. But he knew he'd go wherever the next ride he got was going. The next ride was a huge diesel truck. The guy stopped, told him to jump in and he'd give him a lift. Mike gulped as he stared at the big muscular guy. The guy must have caught the look.

The truck swung into a truck stop. The guy opened the door and pointed to the men's room over at the corner of the lot the cafe sat on. He smiled and winked at Mike.

It was the wildest thing that had ever happened to Mike. Just as soon as the big stud driver had caught Mike staring at him, he leveled with him. He explained to Mike that he didn't go that way. Mike flinched in terror, remember-



Mike was afraid. He was afraid to come on to anyone now. That beating he'd taken had turned him off to cocks. Well, at least to the reality of cocks. He just watched now as some hot young stud would go into the shitter and beat-off while he beat-off right along with them.

As soon as his rent was up, he just left without a word to anyone.

Back out on the road again. His thumb stuck out again. Where? It really didn't matter. He knew it was too cold for New York. He thought about trying California. At least that's where he hoped



ing all those hurting, pounding fists. The guy caught that reaction and laughed. He quickly explained to Mike that he wasn't going to hit him and that he didn't have anything against guys who did it with other guys . . . he even added that a lot of the truckers like it—to pick up a young stud and take him all the way across country so he could service them . . . but it simply wasn't his thing. He laughed again.

That would have been enough for Mike but the guy went even further. He told Mike about how the other truckers always hung out at this men's room at this stop a few miles up the road. He, looking right at Mike, told him if that was what he wanted, then he'd stop so he could try and score, adding that he really hadn't planned the stop. The entire cabin of the truck seemed like it was on fire, heat buzzed in Mike's head. Finally he found a small voice deep inside him somewhere. He managed to squeak out the truth, asking the guy to please stop there. Another roared laugh.

It was further than the guy had thought. He asked Mike if he

could drive. Mike had been brought up around these big diesels and told him so. The guy pulled over and they changed.

After they started up the guy pulled out a sex book. It had big color photos of guys and girls sucking and fucking. The trucker





started rubbing his crotch and panting. Mike was afraid he'd shoot right in his pants. Finally, he turned to Mike. He told him

that he didn't mind if Mike wanted to watch him jack-off but not to touch him. Mike quickly agreed. The big man tool was





pulled out of the trucker's pants and he went to work on it. Mike's own cock throbbed in his tight Levi's. It ended with the trucker shooting all over himself. By the time they did pull up to a stop at the little cafe, Mike was so turned on that he was ready for anything.

It was a good thing. The men's room was small and dark, filled with twisting bodies and hot, lustful groans. Mike felt as if he were being lowered into a swirling mass of half-seen, half-felt, hot, thrusting bodies. He wasn't sure how many cocks he had that night. He took on any and all that were shoved his way. Cum oozed from every opening in his body. All he could do was lie on the cold tile floor and let it all happen.

The light through the small window almost blinded him. It rushed in his eyes and shook his brain to rude wakefulness. He squinted at a young, muscular trucker standing right over him. This guy definitely wasn't his type . . . he was much too like all those guys with the hurting, flying fists. The guy wasn't going to be put off. He thrust a hard cock in Mike's face. His voice was harsh and demanding.

"SUCK IT!!"

Mike did. Mike sucked his way across the country with the guy. He rode in the cab of the husky trucker's diesel. At every stop the guy would stick him in the john or a small room and hire him out. He'd stand in the corner and watch, jacking-off, while all the other truckers shoved big, dripping cocks deep in Mike's body. Mike's brain told him he should have hated it but his body knew better. The more cock he got, the more cock he wanted.

The trip couldn't last forever. It didn't. They pulled into L.A. The trucker opened the door and told Mike it was the end of the line. He said he had to get home to his wife. The big truck roared off.

Again, the streets and the gang of hustlers.

Mike finally found a job. He wasn't even sure how it came up. A john asked him if he'd ever worked at a resort. Mike mentioned Aspen, hoping that they wouldn't check up on it. They must not have. A week later he went to work in a posh spa with a pool and very rich clients. This time, there wasn't a problem like before. All the customers were gay.

Mike wasn't sure what his job would be. All he ever seemed to do was just lie around. Then one night he was called to the patio. There was the muscular young lifeguard. The guy who had called Mike told him to get it on with the guy, just like that.

Mike did, just like that.

It was only after that he found out they were part of a show for the guests. There were places to watch the two guys in the patio all around the place. Even after he found out, Mike didn't care. All he did care about was the young stud that he fucked and sucked and got fucked and sucked by. The two of them connected immediately. They became the hottest attraction at the spa.

They performed in every room of the place. All the people would come from all over the states just to watch this hot, young, new twosome get it on.

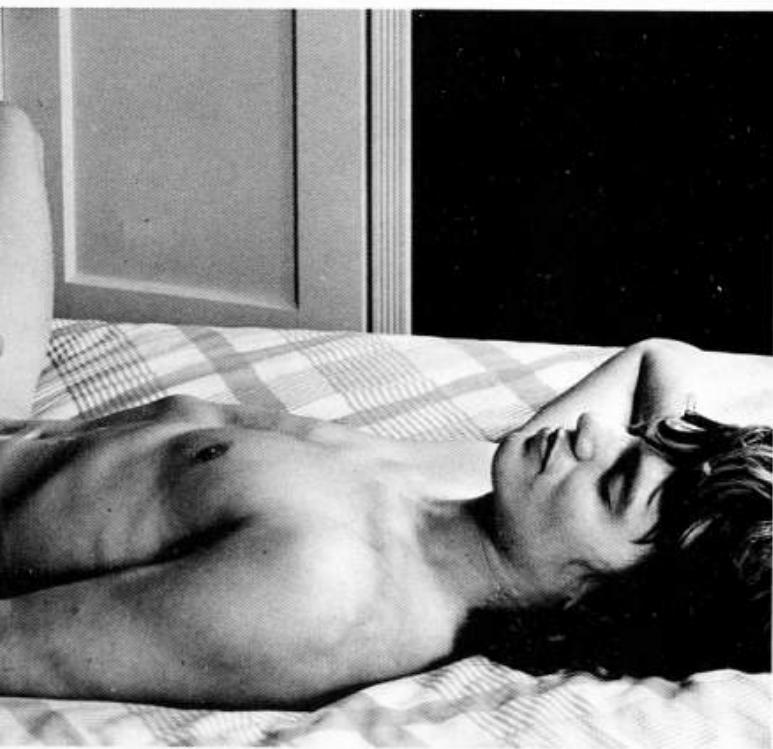
When the two young bodies connected, even the very first time, there just seemed to be nothing they wouldn't do. It was like the very first time with his friend who took him to Aspen, to Mike. That ramming cock deep in his ass would start a fire that could only be put out by a blast of even hotter cum. The blast only caused a desire for more and more hot, blasting cum.

The young lifeguard was just the same as Mike. The more he got of the young guy's body, the more



he wanted. They just never seemed to get enough of each other. They sucked everywhere. They fucked everywhere. They sucked and fucked when people were watching. They sucked and fucked when there was no one at all in the spa.

The passion between them was hot, the times between them were the best. But . . . then trouble had to come along. This time—much





like the ski instructor in Aspen—it was another guy. This time—unlike the time at Aspen—it was Mike who saw another guy that turned him on.

The new boy was disdainfully called “cheap” by most of the other boys in the place. The trim lifeguard making it with Mike sneered at him openly. All that didn’t matter to Mike. One look at the tattooed body, at that forever



stiffening cock, at those sturdy, hairy legs and that knowing face . . . and Mike knew that he had to make it with the guy.

He did.

It was the way the lifeguard and he had been at the start. That kid's body threw all its hot, sexy power over and in Mike. It possessed him completely. Blinding flashes of hot lust burned Mike's brain as that forever stiff cock plowed his asshole and was thrust deep in his open, waiting throat. He just couldn't stop how he was feeling.

It took him a while to find out why he was so turned on to this new kid. Then one afternoon, when business was very slow, he found out.

He'd been lying on his own bed in his own room, wondering where the young lifeguard that he'd first come on with was. He never found out. His door was suddenly







thrown open. There stood the new guy. His cock was steel-rod stiff in front of him. He had a strange gleam in his eye. Mike nearly choked. He saw it all. He recognized it all. It was all deep inside him and he couldn't get rid of the hot and cold feeling of lust and fear. The guy standing over him with the dripping hot cock was just like the guys from the gang who had jumped him in the alley at Aspen.

He and the new guy had done it lots of times by this time ... but none of them were like this. The guy jumped him ... not gently like he'd been in the patio. He drug Mike to the bed and rammed his cock away deep in Mike's guts. Mike started to scream. That turned the guy on even more. The more Mike screamed the faster and harder the guy shoved his cock. He swung around and took Mike's cock in his own mouth. They rolled and crashed around



for fast and slow hours. There was a huge crowd ... mostly of the other guys ... that stood watching them. It was the hottest, wildest sex Mike ever had.

The next day all three of them were gone. The young lifeguard just vanished when he saw what Mike and the new guy were doing. The new guy went really wild. After his session with Mike he ripped off a lot of the rich guys who were staying there that night and just was swallowed up in the city without a trace. The manager told Mike he thought it would be a good idea if he would go also ... to avoid trouble.

Mike could only shake his head sadly and agree.

You can still see Mike. He's still there or somewhere. Anytime you drive down a dark, deserted road or happen into a men's room or see a guy on the corner with his thumb hooked in his too tight, torn, faded Levi's ... Mike is somewhere close.









SALE TO
MINORS
PROHIBITED

